

First printing of an original poem, written daily
for The Washington Herald.

Of lofty birth are you? I'm mighty glad—
That helps you over places dull and sad—
But bear in mind the burden of this rhyme:
AN UPPER-BERTH'S NO GOOD UNLESS
YOU CLIMB!

A letter written by the leper who escaped from quarantine in this city and surrendered himself in Pittsburgh reveals something of the mental torment he suffered while confined here with no society save that of one other leper, his sole companion. "I want to get away from him," he wrote, "not in another part of the house, but away where I can never see or hear his voice. Put me in a tent or cell in the old jail, any place to get away from him and I will promise you that you will not have to put a guard over me, for I shall not set out of my prescribed limits." No doubt the sufferings of the other unfortunate were similar, but having tried escaping once, only to bring new troubles upon himself, he had abandoned himself to despair. Surely something should be done to alleviate the misery of the existence of these unfortunate persons.

There was nothing quite so heroic or dramatic mob justice as it was meted out in Georgia. One wonders whether these self-appointed dispensers of justice would not have beat a quick and ignominious retreat if confronted by a man who had a chance for his life.

It really does not matter much how many reports the Commission on Industrial Relations shall make, but it is interesting to learn that there is only one Frank Walsh on the commission and that several of his colleagues will not concur in such a report as would satisfy him. There will probably be three reports. There is not likely to be any congressional action on any of them. Congress doesn't pay much attention to reports of commissions.—Philadelphia Record.

The self-made man stalked into the office of a great financier with whom he had an appointment.

"You probably don't remember me," he began, "but twenty years ago, when I was a poor messenger boy, you gave me a message to carry."

"What?" he asked the financier.

"Where the poor servant—ARTHUR."

game.—Judge.

Mamma was taking daughter to task. "I don't like the way you and Jack hang over the front gate every evening," she remonstrated.

"Well, as to that, there's a great deal to be said on both sides," replied daughter.—Judge on.